

Morgana is feared and hated by all, and boasts about this constantly to Cybele, whose spells invariably backfire; who can't get her broomstick off the ground.

Cybele begins to suspect that her sister's powers come from a certain mirror: a family heirloom which, she decides, should have come to her. So she steals the mirror, hangs it on her wall.

"Today I'll do something outrageously wicked," she says to the mirror.

"Ha!" says the mirror, with a sneer.

She twists her dainty mouth into a snarl, narrows her eyes. "I'm going to be the nastiest witch in the land."

"Who are you kidding!" laughs the mirror.

Furious for the first time in her life, she kicks the mirror, splitting it down the center. Then she goes out and turns a prince into a hedgehog.

Morgana, finding her precious mirror cracked, weeps piteously, looking almost human.

Pretty soon, you can't tell which is witch.

-- Judith Berke

Miami Beach FL

TO JOHN GARFIELD, FOR WHOM THE POSTMAN ONLY RANG ONCE

No one knows why you killed yourself,  
but your movies offer clues.  
You snapped everything:  
cigarette cases, hat brims, gloves, women.

In comparison, Britain's Angry Young Men  
were honor roll students from Dale Carnegie.  
You were representative, but I'm not sure of what.  
A lost generation of one, in boxing gloves or  
pinstripe suits.

As the honest crook in Force of Evil, you told  
Eleanor Parker:  
"My trouble is I feel like midnight."

Mostly though you spat out words  
except at types like Priscilla Lane.  
Robert Blake swears you saved the fragments of his  
childhood sanity  
fathering him while he played your younger self in  
Humoresque.

Like most tragic figures, you left heavy prints.  
Nick Adams patterned himself after you even in death.  
But Lilli Palmer summed you up most complexly  
when she cooed at the confused, scar-tissued

welterweight:

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright,  
in the forest of the night."

"What's that mean?" you asked.  
Stroking your tired but still tight bicep,  
she murmured: "Well built."

You had to be sad and lonely,  
but we loved you, if not only,  
we loved you, body and soul.

#### SIGN OF THE TIMES

The western world knows that Johnny can't read  
nor can he spell -- TV or not TV.  
Likewise the bald spot on Punctuation's head  
was last seen going under for the third time  
in the La Brea tar pits.

Which leads me to my Ponderoso Question:  
do I want commas and colons to return  
out of the black lagoon?

A sign outside a bar in Lakewood  
makes me wonder. It reads:

Johnny's  
Dancing  
Cocktails

one solitary dash would have spelled  
failure for the entire composition.

-- Charles Stetler

Long Beach CA